The Undergraduate.

VOL. IV. MIDDLEBURY, VT., APRIL, 1879. NO. 7.

LONGFELLOW.

We poetasters idle on the strand,
And write our lines along the sandy beach,
While high above, on cliffs beyond our reach,
Deep, graven lines bespeak a Master hand.
Our puny efforts vanish with the tide:
His noble thoughts defy the waves of Time.
Admiring ages scan his wondrous rhyme,
As, down th' eternal path its measures glide.
Whate'er we do falls short of our intent:
He seems endowed with all-embracing ken,
That seeks and finds the inmost hearts of men,
And leaves behind a boon of sweet content
How bright the crown, endiamonded, empearled,
That waits for him, the loved one of the world.

J. C. H.

DEAN SWIFT.

Many as have been the charges brought against the great Dean Swift there is one which seems to have been entirely forgotten. The Dean of St. Patricks has been called hypocritical, tyrannical, inhuman, but there has never yet been found a man who has dared to call him *generous*. Not that he never gave to the poor; not that he refrained from doing a favor for a friend; not that he failed to possess courage to meet the brunt of the battle alone while his constituents were safe behind his shield; a man may do all that and have a heart of flint.

Swift performed many actions which the world, fawning at his feet, called generous; but it was the generosity of a cat that gives a lingering death to the fated mouse; it was the generosity of a hard master throwing a scrap to a starving hound that he might have the privilege of kicking him a little longer. He never performed an action for his fellowmen for which he received no return either from their pockets, their pride or their love. Selfishness was his all absorbing passion; it gave the color to his daily thoughts, it roused the ambition of the mighty powers within him, it laid nobles and courtiers at his feet, it broke the hearts of two of the noblest women of his day; and when the whole world turned to him a cold shoulder, it lashed into an angry surge his hatred for every body and every thing.

No one can read much of Swift without admiring, pitying and hating. One feels prepared to make a visit to the ancient witch of Endor as he rises from words so strong, yet so terrible and appalling. They come to us like the wail of some spirit of Dante's, whom fate had cast on some bleak Caucasian cliff to have its vitals forever eaten by its own overwhelming passions. No Englishman, probably, ever possessed a more powerful intellect. But from the first, adversity sapped its kindlier qualities, and left the man doomed to a slavery as terrible as ever the African has endured, a bondage more awful than Calcutta could furnish for all her "Black Holes," the bondage of the intellect.

Before this power he bowed and suffered and groaned. An orphan in the world he always remained. The early death of his parents, the decease of his protector, the desertion of his early political friends, his failure to obtain ecclesiastical preferment, the final desertion of all his friends, the death of the only person that loved him and the steady approach of a certain and well expected insanity, bring the tragedy of one human life to its pitiful end. The prophetic appeal he made to a friend in England that he might return thither and not remain in Ireland and die like a poisoned rat in its hole, was unavailing.

With an intellect unsurpassed for vigor, with a style manly, forcible, eloquent, with a rare knowledge of books and men, Swift came forth the champion of whatever cause he might choose and

hewed right and left like an inhabitant of Brobdignag in a country of Lilliputians. With a keen insight into the human heart, he understood the petty foibles and cunning, fox-like manœuvres of his enemies; with biting sarcasm he laid bare their weaknesses and reveled with the ecstacy of a demon in the havoc of human hopes and human hearts. With a common sense rarely exercised he wrote with manly simplicity, scorning the adroit flourishes of learning and rhetoric so common in his day. In his sullen fury when all had deserted him, he spared neither man nor woman, church or state, God or himself. No satire was probably more fittingly spoken. The best men he knew were hypocrites and perjurers, the church, of whose state he knew so much, was overflowing with sacrilegious clergy and ignorant laymen; of the government he says, "Ignorance idleness and vice are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; laws are best explained, interpreted and applied by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding and eluding them." Of his God he knew too little, and of himself he knew too much. Truth rarely seeks such a champion, though few have in a life-time uttered more truths, but truths clothed in what a garb and scented with what a grim despair!

No one will ever love Dean Swift. No one with a pure heart will ever rise from the perusal of his writings without feeling that they have just awakened from a sort of nightmare; that they have just made their exit from a charnel house where dead men's bones are lying around. If truths were to be told, and Dean Swift could tell them, why did not a kind providence furnish them a better setting?

GREECE IN THE POETRY OF BYRON.

To the greater portion of mankind, a knowledge of the history, language and customs of ancient Greece is neither sought nor desired. To the ignorant, Greek is a synonym for that which is incomprehensible. To the student it has become an intellectual tight-rope; a discipline to be met, endured and despised. And yet beneath the cankering rust of time and change, though all unseen to vulgar eyes, there is a real treasure. Gems of thought, maxims of wisdom and examples of moral grandeur are there, than which the present can boast none richer or fairer. The past is there; its aspirations, its triumphs, its failures are there; all that one age can bequeath to another; the priceless treasure of thought.

To span the gulf between ancient and modern thought, to throw a soul into the dry bones of Grecian literature, to create an interest in that which has ceased to be of interest, a medium is necessary. Such I believe to be found in the poetry of Lord Byron. For with all his baseness Byron had one grand, one noble thought, a thought that lifted him above himself and made him forget his pride, his selfishness and his egotism. That thought, which was the passion of his youth and the purpose of his manhood, was the elevation of modern Greece. To refit and beautify that grand theatre of history, to throw a charm around the land and give expression to the matchless beauty he saw there, to people it with heroes, and recall something of its pristine splendor was the life giving principle which stamped itself upon all he wrote and gave tone to it.

Byron's love of the beautiful, his vigorous imagination and marvelous descriptive powers, have enabled him to give us the grandest pen-pictures of nature in any language, and generations unborn will bear admiring testimony how he lavished the treasures of his genius to deify his idol. On his deathless page lies mirrored the natural scenery of Greece. We see its clustering isles like floating gardens on the breast of the Ionian sea; its towering mountains, "the silent ocean" and the "star-lit bay" are painted again and again with a vividness that charm the sense and fill the soul with longing. In the whisperings of that matchless verse, we can almost hear the

wave as it breaks on the Attic shore and catch the fragrant breath of the olive and the palm. The scene is changed; the spirits of the past are conjured up and the sea is dotted with a thousand sails, Marathon is fought over again and patriotism leaps forth to shame the craven offspring of the great.

Byron's poetry, in a word, contains in miniature the history, geography and legends of Greece. It is the mythology of Homer, blended with the realities of Athens. I said that with Byron the Grecian idea was a passion, it became a purpose. It found utterance in his dramas, it glowed in his female characters, and flashed forth in his passionate appeals to the patriotism of modern Greece. It was the one trait that gave value to his poetry and dignity to his character.

If anything could atone for the stream of corruption that Byron has poured forth to fascinate and poison the world, it would be the fact that his last days were given to the welfare of Greece and that he gave up his life on her soil. You have seen the sun after a dark cloudy day burst forth and flood the earth with splendor just before his setting. Such is the effect of the last stanza Byron ever wrote,

> "Awake, not Greece, *she* is awake,—
> Awake *my* spirit; think for whom
> My life-blood tastes its parent lake,
> And then strike home."

Years ago, on a little hillside in France, some old war-steeds were lying in calm repose; and save some passing start to drive away the flies, you might have thought them dead so still they lay. But hush! the wind is rising, the heavens are overcast, the great black clouds roll up like sable battlements against the sky, the thunder peals forth and the sky is all ablaze with the fires of heaven's artillery. And the old war-steeds, with fiery eye and flying mane, marching breast to breast to the music of the storm, snorting, rearing, plunging; rushing, dashing, surging as they surged against the English squares at Waterloo, clear hill, and valley, field and fen, till the thunder is hushed and the storm is still.

And thus one man, roused by the thunder roll of Grecian thought, and, remaining ever true to one redeeming trait, wedded the future with the past.

SENECA AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

The philosophers of Athens had launched their theories of the universe and of the divine government upon the world and had passed away, Rome with her brilliant array of talent had made the most of her valuable contributions, when the last and, doubtless, the purest and the best of the Stoic philosphers commenced his unselfish work.

Lucius Seneca was born in an age of atheism and superstition, of excessive luxury and of boundless cruelty; in fact in the vilest and darkest period of Roman history. His education was all that wealth and station could make; his eloquence in pleading was so great as to excite the jealousy of his emperor; yet he sacrificed the most flattering prospects of a successful political career to the nobler work of elevating the degenerated race around him. Resisting the temptations to ease and luxury,he devoted himself to the culture of his mind and to the rigorous practice of his Stoic principles. Owing to his vast wealth his enemies accuse him of being avaricious and miserly, but no miser would have given the greater part of his immense estate to his emperor. That he might avoid the glare of so public a life and save the time spent in the superintendence of his riches for the cultivation of his mind, Seneca did this! We sometimes hear the sneer that it was easy for Senaca in the midst of his wealth to preach of frugality, but he practiced it. His teachings should come to us with redoubled influence in that being rich, unlike his licentious pupil, he ignored the allurements of his wealth and lived in retirement a simple life, that by his pure writings and abstemious example he might hand down to posterity a record worthy of a Stoic philosopher.

Unfortunate as he was in being the tutor of

Nero, by this not only did his country enjoy unprecedented prosperity and tranquility, but it was also saved for five years from those fiercest cruelties and grossest atrocities, which afterwards characterized the reign of that profligate emperor. From the fact that his teachings are very similar to those of St. Paul and in many places exactly identical with them, some sentimental romancers have tried to make out an intimate relation between these two great teachers, but the most reliable investigations seem to show that there is not sufficient evidence to warrant such a supposition. He devoted himself zealously to his work through life and, like Paul, by the mandate of the vicious Nero, Seneca died a martyr to his cause.

Many of his works are now extant, but it would be difficult to estimate the influence of his clear logic and pure sentiments in humanizing the brutal Romans around him. To be a slave, he argued, was but an accident of position. The slave may be free by virtue, while his master is a slave by vice. A man ought, therefore, to abstain from all cruelty and even contempt towards his slaves.

An apt scholar and an assiduous student he was not slow to avail himself of the advantages he possessed in the works of the great philosophers who had preceded him. With careful research and study, culling here and there the best points of their systems of philosophy, and neglecting their absurdities, he soon formed a system that could withstand all attacks and that could hurl defiance at the arguments of Epicureanism. In his works we find beautifully exemplified the universal aspirations of the human mind after the Infinite, and pagan theology seems to have reached the highest point attainable without the pale of christianity. The teachings of Plato, of Socrates and of all the great and good philosophers of the past converge, and in this convergence we find the connecting link between heathendom and christianity.

TWO SONNETS AND A MORAL.

THE PROF.

The old Prof lingers in the college walls,
The golden sunbeams pierce the dusky panes,
Another day of trial slowly wanes,
When on a mystic scroll his vision falls.
Unknown to him the characters and signs,
But yet they have a vague, familiar look,
And turning o'er the page of mem'rys book,
Above his prize, in thought, his head inclines.
He stands, bewildered, gazing at the floor,
A subtle fascination fills the air,
He ponders, wisely, o'er the quaint affair,
Believing it some scrap of ancient lore,
A step is heard, and, with a sudden start,
He hides the scroll and hastens to depart.

THE STUDENT.

A Soph steps in, but mutters, "Hang the luck!
Why stays the Prof. so long, his desk beside,
I'll bet my boots the blamed old coon has spied
My last night's work, my neatest rolling suck!
To-night a maiden fair will sweetly say,
'Oh! don't go now; it's very early yet,'
And I must smile and tell the little pet
Some yarn about examination day."
Ostensibly he goes, with manly pluck,
To brood o'er Analytic's abstruse page,
But once at home the Soph doth madly rage,
Condemns the Prof and makes another suck.
'Tis morning e're he seeks his little bunk,
But all in vain, the poor Soph makes a flunk.

THE MORAL.

Tis well, in making sucks, to count the cost,
Lest precious time be spent o'er them in vain,
For thus the hours of night are often lost
In which, to learn the task, had been a gain.

THE greatest, the most dangerous, the most insupportable of all fools are reasoning fools; without being less foolish, they conceal from the unreflecting crowd the disorder of their heads by the dexterity of their tongues, and are reputed wise because they rave more coherently than their fellows in the asylum. An unlearned fool is lost if he happens to speak nonsense. But with the learned fool it is just the contrary—his fortune is made as soon as he begins to speak or to write absurdly; for the greater part of mankind, though aware that they understand nothing of what is thus said or written, either are too suspicious of their own intellect to perceive that the fault does not lie with themselves, or too stupid to remark, and too vain to confess, that they are so entirely in the dark on the subject.—*Wieland.*

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., APRIL, 1879.

EDITORS:

H. W. HULBERT, '79, *Editor-in-Chief.*

E. H. FARNSWORTH, '79, H. R. DORR, '80,
E. R. BRAINERD, '79, F. A. PARKER, '80,
P. A. GRISWOLD, '80, J. C. HARVEY, '81.

TERMS:

ONE COLLEGE YEAR, - - - - - $1 00
SINGLE COPIES, - - - - - - - - 12

Address all communications to THE UNDERGRADUATE, Middlebury, Vermont. No anonymous communications will be noticed.

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

Page.

LITERARY:

Longfellow [Poem] ... 97
J. C. Harvey, '81.
Dean Swift ... 97
H. W. Hulbert, '79.
Greece in the Poetry of Byron ... 98
F. A. Parker, 80.
Seneca and his Philosophy ... 99
E. R. Brainerd, '79.
Two Sonnets and a Moral ... 100
J. C. Harvey.

EDITORIALS, &c., &c.:

The Inter-Collegiate Press Association ... 101
Our Spring Term ... 101
Hudson's Hamlet ... 102
Athletics ... 102
Judge Barrett on Classical Study ... 102
Notes from the Alumni ... 104
Town and Campus ... 105
Personals ... 107
Middlebury Alumni in St. Lawrence County, N. Y. 109
Plunder ... 109
Exchanges ... 110

EDITORIAL.

THE question of the formation of an Inter-Collegiate Press Association is being quite thoroughly discussed by the college press. It seems to have none of the objections usually attending inter-collegiate projects and is receiving universal approbation. The plan is to have a convention of the representatives of all college papers, who are willing to enter the association, in some central city, where will be discussed questions of interest to the different papers, comparisons of different methods and topics of a business nature. It is thought that much good could be obtained from such a convention. There are some two hundred college journals at present in the United States and Canada, and there is no reason why they should not be brought together and their worth and influence proportionably increased. It is also suggested that the convention be addressed by some eminent practical journalist who could give advice that would prove of great advantage to a college editor. The Undergraduate will enter enthusiastically into any such plan, and will have a delegate ready to send as soon as the project shall be matured.

THE spring term has opened with the usual prospects of an interesting period of study. The natural sciences, which call for much out-door work, monopolize this term. The Seniors are in the depth of Geology, and most of the time spent over that study will be in excursions to various points of interest. The class has been promised a week's trip on Lake Champlain with Prof. Seeley. The Juniors take up Botany, and enter into the contest for the largest and best arranged herbarium. Addison County has a large and varied flora and offers advantages for this science that are seldom so closely brought together. The Sophs take up the practical work of surveying, and are to be congratulated on the approach of one of the pleasantest events of their course.

But in the back-ground of all this looms up in the alarmingly near horizon the ghost of Annuals, which, however, we fear is more than a ghost, whose tangible form we have met and dreaded as much as ever Bunyan's Christian did Apollyon; and we are sorry to confess that we have not always been as successful as the said hero. But by a careful preparation and by the

sad experience of a few Castles of Despair and Sloughs of Despond we may hope to at last "plant the foot of victory on the neck of the Protean monster" and send back to Rome the message "I came, I saw, I conquered."

There lies before us a copy of the best school edition of Hamlet we have ever met. It is published of Ginn & Heath of Boston, in their most approved manner. It is edited by the veteran Shakesperean scholar, Rev. Henry N. Hudson of the class of '40. The preface and introduction of forty-four pages presents a thorough revision of all that has been written concerning this wonderful tragedy as well as many new thoughts and suggestions. There are copious explanatory footnotes and a careful selection of critical notes in the appendix. The whole volume contains two hundred and fifty three pages. It seems to us that this admirable book has left nothing more to be said on this subject. The learned editor is to be congratulated on such eminent success.

That time of year when the editorial pen of most college journals is pointed toward the subject of athletic sports is come; and we notice in most instances that the said editorials are rather used as goads than as congratulations. This has,at least, been the case in former years with the Undergraduate; and to escape a rut we will attempt to clear our skirts of either dilemma; since if we should attempt to congratulate we should fail to find subject matter, and if we should attempt to goad on the zeal of Midd. students to a more spirited endeavor, we fear we should fail as certainly as wiser heads than ours have failed before. There are, however, a few passing remarks that might be made; which, if not followed out, may none the less be true.

In the first place athletic sports in Middlebury for the last four fears have failed of the success they have deserved, by not having an energetic head. It is well known that one enthusiastic man by proper exertion can do more to create an interest in these sports than all the public meetings, and inefficient committees, we could ever have. We suggest, therefore, that care be taken in selecting a man to head such an undertaking who will go ahead and carry out some plan even at the risk of a little personal inconvenience.

In the second place it is evident to all that, although we have no gymnasium or other apparatus of like nature, there still are many kinds of sport, as base ball, foot ball, running, jumping, walking, wrestling, &c., &c., which have little dependence on anything but the public spirit of the students. Care should be taken, therefore, by any committee to adapt their plans to the existing state of affairs, and not overthrow all athletic sports by attempting to do what is beyond our power.

In the third place there seems to be a growing tendency to spend the leisure hours in making excursions to points of interest, which are so numerous in this vicinity. We are somewhat inclined to think that even this roving tendency might be put to a good account by a thoughtful committee on athletic sports.

We earnestly hope that something may be done this spring, but we can prophecy no great results unless some new development shall bring out a new enthusiasm.

THERE has appeared within the last month or so in both the New England Journal of Education and in the Vermont Chronicle a succession of letters written by Judge Barrett of Woodstock on the study of the classics in college. These letters were originally written to Pres. Hulbert, and hence they have an immediate bearing on our college; and as they give the most common-sense view we have ever seen of the subject in hand, we will take the liberty to quote a few sentences, only regretting that we cannot give them in full:

While I think modern grammars of the Greek and Latin are needlessly burdensome and repul-

sive to the student, unless he has a taste for, and proposes to make himself an expert in, the theoretical curiosities of the modern grammars of those languages, I still appreciate the need of a thorough knowledge of the *real* grammar of them, in order to any successful study of them and of the literature which they embody.

In this view, and to this end, I wish to say sharply, that I think the lessons in the Latin and Greek text-books during freshman year should be so short that the student can go through with studying the translation, and have left ample time to thoroughly study up and master the *grammar* of the lesson, including a thorough study of making himself familiar with the meaning of the words. And I think the recitation should be largely given to *drill* on the *grammar* of the lesson, and the meaning of the words,—the dictionary of the lesson. It has long seemed to me a perversion,—an *inversion*,—to make the study of classic authors a mere means of exemplifying and illustrating the grammars, instead of making the grammars a mere help to the mastery of the authors, as they have used the languages. The leading modern grammars since, and including, Andrews's and Stoddard's, have become very burdensome; and to be mastered according to the idea of their authors, and of most professional teachers, requires most of the time and most of the study that can be given to the Latin as a department of study in the academic and college course. In my judgment they are replete with artificial and fanciful rules, exceptions, theories, and crotchets that never entered the head of Cicero or Quintillian as inherent in, or pertaining to, the language.

Certainly, in the days when Bacon and Milton, and their like, learned the Latin, so as to use it as vernacular in speech and writing, both in prose and verse, they had not such helps as Zumpt, and Andrews and Stoddard, and Harkness, "*et id omne;*" but for grammar they had a small, thin book called *Latin accidence*, containing the forms, and sensible rules, constituting all that is legitimate as grammar of the language. And this continued with no burdensome enlargement and complication, till the German, over his pipe and pot of beer, found occupation for a life over the accusative case, or the tip and location of an accent. And English and American lingual *savans* have caught the cue. What does George P. Marsh,—what did Rufus Choate,—what did Lord Macaulay know about the modern jungles of grammatic rules, exceptions, theories, and crotchets. They were not taught therein. They learned and knew the language in all that appertains to it, as embodying and expressing thought, fact, sentiment, feeling, imagination. But what did they know of the modern theory and syntax of the subjunctive mood? I name that as an illustration. They learned the langnage by direct contact with the text of the authors, with the help of such grammars as were then in use.

The object then was to learn the language for the sake of what it contained of the mind and spirit of the authors who used it. The modern test of lingual scholarship is the facility and accuracy with which the student can respond to the formulated questions, eliciting his memorized conversancy with the grammar, instead of his faculty and ability in comprehending and appreciating the force and use of the language in the literature which it contains. I attribute this largely to the fact that most of those who fill professional chairs know more of the grammar than they do of the language as the embodiment of its literature, and deem it best for the average student to study and be instructed with a view to achieving the same kind of merit which they esteem so highly in themselves.

Did I not learn Latin as effectually between 1832 and 1838, with Adams's Latin Grammar, edited by Latin-master Gould, and such instruction as Dartmouth College then gave, as the average student of the present day learns it, with all the modern grammars to help, and such instruction as the college now gives? And the same may be asked as to our Vermont colleges as well as of Dartmouth. I think this subject needs to be considered from the stand-point of educated men who are not college presidents or college professors.

May Magazines.

The May *Scribner's* has a much-criticised wood-cut of Dr. Holmes by Wyatt Eaton, which nevertheless has many interesting features about it. The illustrated articles "The New Museum in Rome," "The Pastoral Bees," "A Day on the Docks," and "The Metropolis of the Amazons," are instructive and well written. The latter, especially, which is the first of a series of articles on South America, gives a near view of our southern friends, about whom we have known so little.

The May *Atlantic* is not inferior to any of its contemporaries in its line. It is more and more becoming a political organ we notice from the titles of several articles, viz: "Labor and the National Forces," by Charles C. Coffin, "English Civil Service Reform," by George W. Brown, "The Abolition of Poverty," by Alfred B. Mason." These are all strong articles, but detract from the general literary tone the *Atlantic* has usually sustained, and seem to follow the lead of the *North American Review* and magazines of like make-up. "The Contributors' Club" is full of interesting literary matter, and the "Recent Literature" is as complete as one could desire.

NOTES FROM THE ALUMNI.

Reminiscences of College Life.

BY REV. H. ROOD, D. D.

No. V.

During my first two years in Middlebury, the College Faculty consisted of the following personages: President Davis, Prof. Hall, Prof. Hough, Tutor Allen, and Tutor Keith. The Trustees, the students, and those best informed, regarded the College as well and ably officered.

Tutor Keith.—In personal traits, and teaching qualities, he has already been described. He held his office certainly two, and I think three years. His retiring character, his delicacy of feeling, and his almost shrinking modesty, made him highly respected and loved in the College, and in the village. The necessary result of his peculiar excellence was, that many disagreeable things passed by him almost or quite unknown. Then, in the common, somewhat breezy, if not rough affairs of College life, he was less prominent, and had less control over them than some of his associates. Tutor Keith was an Episcopalian. He afterwards studied for the ministry, and took orders in the Episcopal church. He was a truly evangelical man. He had no sympathy with high churchmen. He loved the Redeemer and his kingdom. As the Episcopal service rolled out on the full, soft tones of his voice, it had to him all the deep, evangelical and spiritual meaning, which its learned and godly composer attached to it, in the days of Queen Anne. He was a man of sound sense, and sharp forethought and had chosen the ministry as his profession. Hence he cultivated his reading powers, and his speaking voice with the utmost assiduity and care. To hear him read the Bible at morning prayers, was like listening to the sweet notes of a pleasant instrument. Fuller instruction in elocution, and more attention to all the forms of reading and speaking really ought to be found in our colleges. If a young man has passed through College without getting the mastery of his reading and speaking powers he will be crippled for life.

Tutor Allen.—To this day, his name brings tears to my eyes. While thinking of him, I feel as if standing on sacred ground. He was the son of Rev. Mr. Allen, of Pittsfield, Mass., commonly known in those days as Parson Allen. The Parson was a man of note. His strong, robust physique, his high tone of moral character, and his fearless, practical patriotism, in the Revolutionary war, made him distinguished. On one occasion an attack by the Indians being feared, he carried his musket and cartridge box to church and placed them in the pulpit.

Where Tutor Allen was educated, I am not informed, but probably at Yale. He was introduced into the College by President Davis, who was a Yale student, and had been Tutor of Greek in that institution. Besides, Tutor Allen bore the strong marks of Yale College at that time, which were a great love of Greek, and an active, energetic piety. His character as a worker and a power in emergencies, has already been alluded to in the description of the fire. As a teacher he was prompt, wholly prepared, wide awake, full of enthusiasm, and often enlivened the recitation by anecdotes, quotations or witticisms. He inspired interest, energy and courage and made the class feel strong and hopeful. Whatever he un-

dertook moved on easily, often majestically, while it seemed "that half his strength he put not forth." He was dignified and gentlemanly in his bearing and manners, and yet very simple and kind in his feelings. Conversation and free association with the students seemed his delight. He loved to meet them, would run into their rooms a few minutes, encourage them and see if all was right. His majestic form, his quick, elastic step, his genial smile as he returned the usual college salutation in passing, which he always did, are as distinct on my mind as though it were but yesterday. If they could be photographed, the picture would be invaluable to those who knew him. In every repectable family in the village he was more than welcome. His presence was a positive pleasure. He was a very magnetic man, and every one felt stronger and safer with him. All regarded him as a strong pillar in the College, and looked forward to the time when he would doubtless be its head and guide.

But the Lord seeth not as man seeth. He looketh not on the continuance, nor regardeth the height of stature (I Samuel 16:7). He was already gathering the clouds of a dark and tragic dispensation. The new stone dormitory was three stories high. The North chimney was smoking badly. It was the closing week of vacation. Tutor Allen thought he would try and fix that chimney. The mason and tools were soon ready and they were on the roof, the top of the chimney being some six feet above. A short ladder supposed to be sound and good, was placed over the ridge, and Tutor Allen went up to examine the chimney. On coming down, the ladder suddenly broke and threw him onto the western roof of the building, beyond the reach of the ridge pole. The roof was steep, perfectly flat and smooth, not the slightest thing for protection. He rolled rapidly down the roof, and fell to the ground. Men and physicians were at hand. Everything was done that could be, but it was of no avail. Outwardly he was severely bruised, and inwardly badly crushed. He lived about 24 hours and never spoke but once. A short time before his death he opened his eyes, looked on some one near him, and said in words distinctly heard, "The will of the Lord be done." These words imply distinct consciousness and thought, while there had been no power of utterance. Thus passed away that noble man. No one doubted for a moment that his spirit returned to God who gave it. In ancient times a physical luminary stood still in the heavens, for the space of a whole day, to accomplish the will of God. Here for the same reason, an intellectual and moral luminary was quenched in darkness before it had reached its meridian splendor. He was buried the day before I reached Middlebury, on my return from the summer vacation. The mourning, the tears, the bowed heads, the disappointed hopes, need no description. Nor could they be delineated. There are things not only in heaven, but in the depths of a bereaved Christian spirit, that no words can unfold.

TOWN AND CAMUPS.

Prof. Brainerd preached at Wallingford during vacation.

How we shall miss the Seniors at rhetoricals! This is not a joke.

Professor Higley and wife spent most of the vacation in Boston.

We were disappointed in not seeing the new organ in chapel at the first of the term.

The snow storm on Thursday, was quite out of place for the opening of the Spring term.

Dugald Stewart is spending some weeks in Albany, N. Y., where he is improving slowly.

We shall be obliged to postpone the item about the good condition of the walks until the next issue.

Back in chapel again and no more sad sights of Freshmen sandwiched in between Sophomores until next winter.

P. A. Griswold has returned to college from Bennington Centre, where has been teaching through the winter.

The Swedish Lady Quartette is promised for the 29th. If reports are true, it will be a treat which all should enjoy.

Several Freshmen are sick with the measles. If eighteen demerits make one case of measles, what would be the effect of thirty?

When the students see the maple trees pouring out their sap so mellifluously they sit down and mourn over the departed "Sugar Day."

The Hawthorne Club met at Dr. Halsey's, April 3, and at Professor Parker's, April 18. At Prof. Parker's the works of H. D. Thoreau were read.

Mr. Harry Dorr rendered his Junior Exhibition poem at an entertainment in Rutland and received a very complimentary notice from the Rutland *Herald.*

All but two of the Seniors are hunting for schools to teach. Middlebury seems to have great attractions for them, as only two left town during vacation.

T. M. Chapman's store, which has been a landmark for so long, is among the things that were, and work is rapidly progressing toward the erection of a handsome building.

The architect, who is to make estimates on the new stone bridge, was in town a few days since. If Middlebury keeps on, who knows but that Vermont may have another city to boast of.

It was a peculiar sort of a smile which wandered over the faces of those Freshmen who had brought a dog into the recitation, when the Professor exclaimed, "I wish you would all behave as well as that dog does."

The wheels of the Dramatic Club were blocked, a few days since, by the refusal on the part of one of the members to shave off his moustache and personate a lady. He thought the one he had would be a better Commencement moustache than a new one.

The Seniors are wrestling with Geology, History of Civilization and International Law. The Juniors are resting on their arms with Botany and German. Greek has stalked in amongst the Sophomores again, while the Freshmen still keep on in the even tenor of their way.

The case which has so long been agitating the people of Vermont came to a tragic end on Thursday, April 10, at eleven minutes after two, in the death of John P. Phair. The man was possessed of wonderful nerve and met death without a tremor. Very few people entertain any doubt of his guilt.

Winter has had a terrible effect on the board fence back of the college. In some instances the frost has been severe enough to remove the boards from the fence and strew them in small peices near the back doors of Painter Hall. Years ago students would now and then purloin kindling wood from the fence and we are glad that Nature has taken it into her own hands to deliver us from temptation.

The Ram this year assumed the title of "The Illuminator" and is well spoken of. It is more elaborate than it has been before, and in many respects future Sophomores will do well to pattern after it. Heretofore it has seemed impossible to get out one without bringing in the townspeople more or less. That it can be done was demonstrated in the "Illuminator" and we hope to see the example followed.

About twenty were confirmed at the Episcopal church on Tuesday eve., April 8th. The services were very impressive and well attended. All the churches were more or less decorated with flowers on Easter Sunday. The Episcopal church offers the best opportunity for a fine arrangement and contained one of the most beautiful displays of flowers we have ever seen in town. The rector, Mr. Franklin, seems to be an earnest worker and the church under his hands is in a more thriving condition than it has been for some years.

One of the students who rooms in the village and gets a grip on old Morpheus every Saturday night, which won't relax until the church bells ring on Sunday morning, found a large dish of raw oysters on the kitchen table, just after the last snow, and borrowed about a dozen beauties, for a lunch, after his extra Sunday morning nap. He placed them, in a dish, on a little roof which juts out just under his window and sent down word next morning that he didn't care for any breakfast. When the craving of his appetite sent him after them, Lo! and behold the snow had slid from the roof during the night and not only carried away his oysters but had also broken the dish and covered the pieces under the snow. The ladies of the house are working an illuminated text for his room. When we last saw it they had finished it as far as "Thou shalt not take the Na" &c.

Pedestriamania has reached Middlebury and broken out in the shape of a walking match last week. Those who attended report a very interesting race. Mr. Peter Dudley who was entered by Fred Haskell, the merchant prince of Cornwall, took the lead at the start and kept it easily with a gait which should be cultivated and taken down to Gilmore's garden. The excitement of the evening centered upon the contest for second place between Tom Flint and Frank Sumner. With considerable hard work Mr. Flint came in second. Had it been a race for walkers only Frank Buckley would have carried off the palm. The ten miles were covered in 1h. 16m. 40sec.

Junior Ex. was free this year and passed off very nicely. Many handsome bouquets and baskets of flowers were sent up to the speakers. The following is the programme:

MUSIC.

Oration, ...Uses of the Novel,
F. M, Baker, Whiting.

Oration, ...Our Indian Policy.
W. M. Bixby,* Ludlow.

Oration,....Relations of Alchemy to Modern Chemistry
S. B. Cady, Felchville.

Historical Oration, ...Greece in the Poetry of Byron.
F. A. Parker, Whiting,

MUSIC.

Poem, ...From Year to Year.
H. R. Dorr, Center Rutland,

Oration, ...False Ambition in the Young.
O. G. McIntyre, Manchester, N. H.

Oration.....Tramps.
P. M. Meldon, Rutland,

Historical Oration,.....Andreas Hofer.
A. C. Peck,* Cavendish.

MUSIC.

Historical Oration. .....Annexation of Canada.
P. A. Griswold,* Rutland.

Oration. .....Modern Heroism.
J. C. Scofield, Middlebury.

Oration,.....The Teacher's Profession.
C. A. Sweet, N. Granville, N: Y.

Scientific Oration, ...The Influence of Astrology.
H. M. Parker, Peacham.

MUSIC.

Literary Conference, ...The Fortunes of an Editor.
W. A. Guernsey, Franklin.

COLLOQUI PERSONÆ:

Mr. Quillman [editor of an independent Journal].
W. A. Guernsey.
Mr. True [a friend of the editor],.....H. M. Parker.
Mr. Thompson [a Democrat],.....S. B. Cady.
Mr. Resume [a Republican],.....F. M. Baker.
Mr. Adams [a National], ...J. C. Scofield.

*Excused.

PERSONALS.

'38. We received a letter from Storrs Hall from which we take the liberty to quote a few sentences.

ROSENDALE, April 2, 1879.

To the Undergraduate:—Please find a money order, &c., &c. I love to see the Undergraduate, as from it is gained all my knowledge of Alma Mater. I have never lost my interest in the College although I have made but one return in forty years. I have delayed writing, hoping to give some incidents of college life forty years ago, but have been delayed by other engagements. The chapel was built while we were there, and at the time of its completion the college classes nearly filled the whole room. The first occupancy of the building was so near the close of the Senior term, that the Seniors' seats were appropriated by the Juniors, the Juniors' seats by the Sophs.. etc., while the Seniors were treated as visitors. The great stones over the main doors were raised to their place by the students, as they were starting for the eleven o'clock recitation, with a delay of only a few minutes, all things being in readiness for the occasion. In the Philadelphian Society a poem was read by ex-president H. D. Kitchel on the death of three little mice, giving his annoyance by them,while unconsciously crushing them to death in his bed. Here in the great West, which was only a wilderness then, we're engaged in building up another college; and of course find all of the difficulties attending all such enterprises, that is, in want of everything that the world knows as money. Will send you a catalogue soon. Very truly yours,

STORRS HALL.

The college mentioned was Ripon College of which Mr. Hall is a trustee.

'39. The many friends all over the country of John G. Saxe, the poet, will be pained to read the following announcement from the New York *Times* of the condition of his health. "John G. Saxe, who has been in delicate health and done no literary work for some time, is now confined to his room in Brooklyn, suffering, it is said, from chronic melancholia, superinduced by illness in his own case and among members of his own family. Mr. Saxe is so well known to the public as a humorous poet and lecturer, and to his personal acquaintances as a man of genial, joyous disposition, ever looking at the bright side of things, and

advocating cheerfulness as the sum of all philosophy, that his suffering from mental morbidity must cause as much surprise as regret. His spirits are so deeply clouded, his nerves so depressed, that he refuses to see any of his friends; and there seems to be no prospect of release from his impenetrable, overwhelming gloom. He has been before the public in a literary capacity more than 25 years, having first appeared as a poet in the Knickerbocker in 1843; but the earliest work that attracted any special attention was "Progress, a Satire," published three years later. Admitted to the bar at 27, he practiced in Vermont, in his native county (Franklin) until he removed to Burlington where he purchased the Sentinel, and conducted it for some time. One of his jokes used to be to run on the Democrat ticket for Governor of the State, conscious that there was no more chance of his election than of his becoming king of the Cannibal Islands. He will, if he lives, be 63 the coming June."

'42. Columbus Smith, of Salisbury, is soon to erect a handsome business building in Middlebury, near the bridge.

'47. The last *Advance* contains an appreciative review of President Finney's Theology, by Prof. Geo. N. Boardman of the Chicago Theological Seminary.—*Oberlin Review*,

'48. The parish of the First Congregational Church of this city (Washington) held its fifteenth annual meeting on Thursday evening last. The debt of the church was reduced twelve hundred dollars, leaving it $23,600. The pastor, Dr. Rankin, sent in a communication, offering to relinquish five hundred dollars out of his salary of four thousand dollars. But the parish, by a vote of 59 to 5, first voted to pay him $4,000, and then accept his offer of relinquishment of five hundred. The meeting adjourned at eleven o'clock at night, spontaneously converting itself into a surprise party at the pastor's house, then to waken all the neighbors by singing:

"Blest be the tie that binds."

—*Congregationalist.*

'49. We have just been informed of the death of Mr. John Hawkins, which occurred a few months ago, in Michigan. He was a native of Castleton, and a son of the late Silas Hawkins, and brother to Emmet and Rollin Hawkins of Ohio, and Selah of Dorset, and Marcus of this town. John fitted for college in the seminary, graduating at Middlebury about the year 1850. —*Rutland Herald & Globe.*

Mr. Hawkins entered Middlebury College in 1845, and remained nearly through his Junior year, but did not graduate.

'58. Pres. N. White of Lombard University, Galesburg, Ill., has been very successful of late in enriching and improving the cabinet of the University. A fine collection of Zoological and Geological specimens has recently been procured and the cabinet is now pronounced one of the best in the State. The collection of corals is especially fine containing fine specimen from all the typical localities of the globe.

'59. Forty-seven have just been received to membership at once by the Woodland Avenue Presbyterian Church in Cleveland, O., where Rev. S. L. Blake, formerly of Concord, N. H., is pastor.

'61. Lyman W. Peet of Cornwall was elected town superintendent of schools, March 4th.

'64. Rev. Geo. H. Bailey, who entered Middlebury College in 1860, remained one year, received an A. M., in 1868, is located at Fairport, N. Y.

'65. We are glad to hear that Prof. H. H. Shaw, of Saxtons River, who was for several years principal of Burr & Burton seminary, is improving in health. We understand that he has been tendered the principalship of a Western seminary, but has decided not to take up his professional duties until fall.

'71. The scholars of Winchester (N. H.) High School gave an exhibition at the close of the winter term, which is very highly spoken of. The essays and declamations were well written and delivered, and the music was especially fine. This school has been under the charge of Mr. J. N. Mallory for four years, and Mrs. A. M. Burke has been assistant for two years. It is acquiring quite a reputation, and has scholars from all the neighboring towns.—*New Eng. Journal Ed.*

Mr. Mallory was in town during vacation.

'71. F. B. Denio, of the class of '71, made a short visit at Middlebury, last vacation. He preached in the Congregational church, Sabbath evening, March 30th. Mr. Denio has nearly completed his theological course at Andover, and has been occupying a pulpit in Benson during his spring vacation.

'72. Prof. H. H. Ross, Principal of Vergennes High School, is one of the Addison County School Examining Board. He was in town last vacation.

MIDDLEBURY ALUMNI IN ST. LAWRENCE CO., N. Y.

'29. Calvin T. Hulburd, LL.D., lives at Brasher Falls, attending to his private business.

'~~42~~ 43. Henry Watkins is extensively engaged in the manufacture and sale of lumber. He lives in Potsdam, and is President of the Board of Trustees of the Normal School.

'56. Rev. Moses Marston is a Universalist minister in Canton. He is the Professor of Latin and Greek in St. Lawrence University. Seeh. 140

'61. Rev. Sylvester B. Partridge, a returned missionary from China, is in Potsdam educating his children.

'62. George H. Sweet lives in Potsdam, and is in the firm of Tracy & Sweet, editors of the *Courier and Freeman*.

'65. John G. McIntyre, attorney at law, in Potsdam, is a junior member of the firm of Parker & McIntyre.

'65. George Z. Erwin, attorney at law in Potsdam, is junior member of the firm of Dart & Erwin.

'66. Azro B. Shepherd is an attorney at law in Waddington.

'68. Rev. Charles H. Rowley, of Potsdam, is a member of the firm of Rowley & Hawkins, editors of the *St. Lawrence Herald*.

'70. H. S. Perrigo is an insurance agent at Potsdam.

'71. Frank M. Peck is an insurance agent and treasurer in Madrid.

'72. John A. Haig is Principal of Massena Union School, Massena.

'76. Rev. E. C. Evans is pastor of the first Congregational Church, Norwood.

'76. O. W. Dodge is studying law with J. A. Vance at Potsdam.

PLUNDER.

According to the *Yale Daily News* "the green appearance of —— when he first entered Yale was not due to any verdancy in his nature, but to the corroding of the brass in his cheek."

Professor (blandly). "Mr. T. how did the monasteries acquire so much wealth during the fourteenth century?" Sophomore (thoughtfully). "Well, I don't exactly know, sir, unless they passed around the plate at both services."

The other day a professor of German asked an unregenerate Junior what the gender of a certain noun was. The Junior quickly replied: "I think it is neuter, Sir. At any rate, it is neu-ter me."

A child asked: "Mother, what is an angel?" "An angel? Well, an angel is a child that flies." "But mother, why does papa always call my governess an angel?" "Well," exclaimed the mother after a pause, "She is going to fly soon."

Professor (describing an ancient Greek theatre): "And it had no roof." Soph (sure that he had caught the professor in a mistake): "What did they do, sir, when it rained?" Professor (pausing for a moment and pulling his long moustache): "They got wet, sir."

"A curious thing is love,
It cometh from above,
And lighteth like a dove,
On some.

But some it never hits,
Unless it gives them fits,
And scatters all their wits,
Ah, hum!"—*Ex.*

Habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "abit." If you take off another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off another the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another it is not "t" totally used up. All of which shows that if you wish to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether.

Going out hunting, a boy shot a bird, and another ran to secure the trophy. Coming near where it had fallen, he found a white owl so sprawling in the grass as to present to his view only a head with staring eyes and a pair of wings attached. Instantly he shouted in dismay: "We're in for it now, Jack—we've shot a cherubim."

The *Kenyon Advance* mentions a Freshman who was lately complaining of his inability to sleep nights "because he was so much troubled with indispepsia," and another who advised a friend who was afflicted with a cold "to take care of himself lest he might get the ammonia." The Freshman who desires to know whether or not there was a pony used when Enoch was translated," apparently belongs to Hamilton; and another member of that institution irreverently designated the religious holiday appointed for the last Thursday of January as the "Day of Whist for Colleges."

EXCHANGES.

"Public Speaking in England," "Our Local Antiquities," and a sensible list of editorials establish the reputation of *The Syracusan* of March 11th. But why such a dearth of poetry?

The *Rochester Campus* in its new dress is considerably improved. There is nothing particularly remarkable in the March number; but it is straight-forward and full of common sense. The poetry which inclines to the humorous does not strike a very high plane.

We are indebted to Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., for music. We have read with interest *The Musical Record*, published by the same firm. It contains all the latest news in music circles, besides excellent articles on practical subjects and several fine pieces of music in each issue.

The ponderous *Berkeleyan* for March contains more interesting literary articles brought together in one issue than we have found for some time in any of our exchanges. We commend especially "The Monks of England," "Reminiscences of Edwin Booth" and "Robert Burns." Perhaps we are not capable of judging of local affairs, but we are inclined to think several of the editorials are a little radical for a college paper.

We have been reading the *Concordiensis* for some time with attention. At first, we were not very well pleased, but improvement has followed improvement and we now expect a fresh bit of college news whenever we take up this exchange with an outlandish name. The article on "Lady Macbeth" in the March issue struck us as about the best critique we have ever met of that wonderful character, at least in college circles.

The *Vassar Miscellany* for February and March was read with interest. It has a decided individuality which cannot fail to attract attention. We have always regretted the limited space it gives to locals. The two departments of College Notes and Home Matters seem to tread on each other's toes. At present if one wishes to get a summary of Vassar news he must wade through some twelve pages of what would be interesting matter if he had plenty of time on his hands. We always find something in the literary department worth reading. These last two issues have been destitute of poetry. In fact we now remember but very few poems in the *Miscellany* this year written by undergraduates. We see no good reason why this should be.

The *Dartmouth* presents itself weekly at our table as full of news and enterprise as we generally see in our exchanges. The literary department of March 14th, was well worth the attention of all students. We wish that the *Dartmouth* would continue such a department even though but little space should be given to it. It would be a decided improvement. The exchange department is well managed and shows care and taste in its criticisms. It is a little amusing, however, to notice the patronizing air it has assumed towards the *Montpelierian*. While we consider this latter paper one of the best of our fitting-school exchanges and always read it with interest; we do not see the appropriateness of *quite* so much laudation as the *Dartmouth* seems inclined to give it.

The March number of the *Williams' Athenæum* lies before us. The translation of Schiller's "Maiden's Complaint," is handsomely done; and the translator deserves hearty congratulation in catching so fully the spirit of the original. To make a good translation is a far higher achievment than the ninety-nine out of a hundred attempts at original verse by college students. We should like to see more translations and less milk-and-water sentiment which lays a forlorn claim to originality. The editorials of the *Athenæum* we always find full of news and well put. We have noticed for several issues in the locals items like the following; "Pease '82 has left college." No other exchange on our list records the departure of so many students. Williams has a fine location and is one of our first colleges and we see no reason for the frequency of such notices.

We notice in the *Bowdoin Orient* of March 26th, that a new board of editors have been elected and will enter upon their labors in the next issue. This last issue is the best one we have seen, but still it lies far behind what we expect from Bowdoin College. With its limited literary department it can do little to create enthusiasm in composition among the students, with its more limited personal columns it must fail to interest the alumni. Its locals and editorials have generally seen the best part of the paper, and even here success has been but ordinary. We hope under new hands the *Orient* will step out and take the position she should, and give to an interested public some traces of Bowdoin's ancient spirit which will never die so long as Hawthorne is read and Longfellow sung.

Dr. PLUMLEY,

—SELLS—

STATIONERY TO STUDENTS,

AND EVERYBODY ELSE,

15 *to* 25 *per cent. lest than can be bought elsewhere*

A FULL LINE OF

DRUGS, CHEMICALS AND PERFUMERY,

Next the Post Office.

A. J. MARSHAL,

DEALER IN

COAL.

OFFICE:—FREIGHT DEPOT.

L. E. MELLEN, D. D. S.

DENTIST,

Office hours, 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M. Office, Buttolph's Block.

Middlebury, Vt.

THE LATEST!

FRAGRANT

Vanity Fair

SMOKING.

In placing this new Tobacco before the public we do not propose to disclose our special claims and improvements, for the reason that in every instance where we have introduced new articles, it has been the custom of manufacturers of inferior productions to adopt our precise claims to obtain notoriety. We will, however, make one broad assertion, that no tobacco has ever been produced possessing so many valuable requisites.

The standard of our world-wide and reliable brand,

Vanity Fair,

will ever be maintained, and such improvements added from time to time as are the result of our unremittiug efforts to place upon the market a Tobacco which shall mee all the demands of the connoisseur.

WM S. KIMBALL & CO,

PEERLESS TOBACCO WORKS. Rochester, N. Y.

R. CASTELVECCHI,

Successor to Castelvecchi & Moir,

MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER OF

ANTIQUE, ROMAN, MEDIÆVAL

And Religious Plaster Statuary and Busts.

Moulds of Every Description.

Cast from nature. Moulds taken from life or death. Statutes Decorated in Natural, Gilt, Bronze Clay or Stone Colors. All Statuary in the National Academy of Designs in New York supplied by this house The Largest collection in America.

CHURCHES. COLLEGES. LIBRARIES

And institutions of all kinds supplied at the shortest notice. Orders from the country carefully and promptly executed.

WARNING.

In order that our friends may not be misled we give notice that we have never had any connection or interest with any other store using our name. Our only store is in 139 Grand Street, one block from Broadway,

NEW YORK.

Send orders direct to us as we have no Agents. Full descriptive Catalogue mailed on application.

A. P. TUPPER,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery,

No. 2, TUPPER'S BLOCK, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

T. M. CHAPMAN & CO.,

DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Middlebury, Vt.

The Addison County Journal

The leading paper in the county. $1.00 per year in advance

Artistic Job and Commercial Printing

at rock bottom prices, at the

JOURNAL OFFICE, - - - MIDDLEBURY, VT.

Germania Band, of Boston.

As Military Band, Grand or Small Orchestra, for Parades, Concerts, Commencement Exercises, Serenades, Wedding Parties,

And on all occasions where Music is required.

W. C. NICHOLS, Agent, Office 33 Court St., Boston.

SHELDON & CO.

DRUGGISTS

And Dealers in Groceries, and Boots and Shoes.

☞ Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded by one who has had 25 years experience.

DARWIN RIDER,

ADDISON HOUSE

Livery and Boarding Stable.

FIRST CLASS TURNOUTS AND EXPERIENCED DRIVERS.

WM. SEYMOUR ALDEN'S

Variety Store,

Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c.

GOODS GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED!

Remember that no one shall Undersell.

THE REGISTER OFFICE.

First Class

JOB PRINTING,

MIDDLEBURY, VT.

Jos. Gillott,

STEEL PENS.

The well-known original and popular Numbers,

303, - 404, - 332, - 170, - 351,

and his other styles, may be had of all dealers throughout the world.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS, NEW YORK.

HENRY HOE, Sole Agent.

"CATCH THE SHADOW ERE THE SUBSTANCE FADES."

O. C. BARNES,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Stereoscopic Views,

Large Pictures in Ink and Colors,

FRAMES, &c.

MIDDLEBURY, - VERMONT.

Frank A. Bond,

CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,

And Family Groceries,

MIDDLEBURY, VT.